Volume LXII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1908 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

NOEL ! NOEL !

My Christmas Greeting to One Hundred and One Friends:

"So many?"
Yes! And more.
On every shore,
Where distant breakers roll
Or here at home.
To fathers, mothers, girls or boys,
That we may all rejoice,
So that the new-born year
Shall bring to every home some cheer.

To China and Japan!
So far, and yet so near.
All Asia, where they say we all began,—
New light and more,
With every rising Sun:
Grenfell in Labrador,
Or those in tropic lands,
Where palm trees dream of pines.

The same glad word of cheer,
For every rising Sun,
Because a stainless year
Has here and now begun.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908. NUMBER 18

THE MANGER SONG OF MARY

Hark, baby, hark
To the bells in the dark.
Here are the three that are led by the star—
Melchoir and Gaspar and swart Baltazar.
Great are the gifts in the hands of the wise. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your eyes!

Croon, baby, croon,
Like a dove at the moon.
Melchoir with beard reaching down to the knees
Pours you the gold from the hills and the seas,
Brings you a gift for a king to command. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your hand!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
For the shadows are deep.
Gaspar with pearls on his red turban comes,
Bringing you myrrh and Arabian gums.
Wind where he passes is delicate sweet. . . .
Mother has only a kiss for your feet!

Dream, baby, dream,
For the star is agleam.
Baltazar kneels by the manger and sings,
Burning white frankincense, rings over rings,
They have brought treasure from mountain and mart. . . .
Mother has nothing to give but her heart!

—*Edwin Markham.*

UNITY sympathizes with the colored layman of Minneapolis who has entered into a controversy with the pastor of the African M. E. Church for saying that this is a white man's government, and advising negro boys not to ask for admission into the Y. M. C. A. of that city. It is not for us to speak for the Y. M. C. A.; it is quite within their province, if they so rule, to draw race lines and to limit the practice of their Christianity at the colored boundaries, but it is quite wide of the mark to imply that the United States is a white man's government or that America is a white man's country. Under the stars and stripes there is neither black nor white, Jew, Gentile nor Christian,—only humanity, and if under the cross of Christ such distinctions are to be emphasized, it is a grievous indignity to the brotherhood of the New Testament message.

The Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, of which Graham Taylor is President and Julia C. Lathrop Vice President, offers two unique and most important courses of lectures during the winter of 1909: one on "The Cause and Relief of Dependency," by Prof. Charles R. Henderson, the other on "The Historical, Economic and Ethical Aspects of Industrial Organizations," by Graham Taylor. The two courses will be given consecutively on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings, beginning January 5 and ending March 26. There will be forty-eight sessions. Tuition per course, ten dollars. It is hoped that these courses will reach a large number of the volunteer forces who are engaged in the Chicago philanthropies. For further particulars, application should be made to the Dean, Allen T. Burns, 174 Adams Street, Chicago.

The following tentative program is proposed for the fraternal section of the Religious Educational Association to be held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Monday night, February 8, at 8 p. m.:

The general theme, FRATERNAL EDUCATION AND SOCIAL DUTY:

Fraternities and Peace, Charles E. Beals, Field Secretary of the American Peace Society;

Fraternities and Reverence for Law, Henry P. Brown (Cleburne, Tex.), Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias;

The Political Religion of the Nation, Jane Addams;

Abraham Lincoln, the Fraternalist, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The Committee propose to promulgate the following sayings of Lincoln:

(a) A Fraternal Platform.

"Let reverence for law be taught in schools and colleges, be written in spelling books and primers, be published from pulpits, and proclaimed in legislative houses, and enforced in the Courts of Justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

(b) A Fraternal Chart.

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man who lives in it so live that his place will be proud of him. Be honest, but hate no one; over-turn a man's wrong-doing, but do not over-turn him unless it must be done in over-turning the wrong. Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

A correspondent from Kansas in a revealment of personal perplexities touches a great sociological possibility. This mother of five children, herself the eldest of eleven children, is perplexed over the grave problem of saving the home of thirty acres, ten of it in a young orchard just beginning to bear, from the awful vampire of the western farmer, the black beast *par excellence* of the pioneer, the impersonal, relentless thing called a "Mortgage," which always threatens to foreclose but seldom does, on farm property, so long as it is sure of securing, not its pound of flesh but its measure of life-blood in the way of the relentless interest. This mother says:

"Our own children are all grown. I love children, and I believe if we could find three or four to board we could give them the right kind of a start in the world. We live three-quarters of a mile from the district school and a mile

and a half from college. We keep cows, horses, pigs and chickens. I need the children, as I know some children need a home and me. I love to see them happy over the ownership of a hen with her brood, or a pig, or a calf growing to be a cow by their own care. I like to see bright-eyed, happy, loving children. We are so worried about our nice little home that we are, I fear, not doing our duty by others. I agree with you in believing that children cannot grow up to be self-reliant men and women by the tap of a bell or the rules of a well ordered institution."

Thousands of normal children are being consigned, even by progressive juvenile courts, to be reared in institutions when for the same cost they might be committed to such motherly care as we find suggested in the letter of our correspondent, but as yet the legislation is wanting that will permit this higher, wiser investment of capital.

A correspondent, in not very courteous language, takes to task the writer of an editorial on "Socialism: What is it, Anyhow?" which recently appeared in UNITY. This correspondent speaks of the writer as one of the "smart editors and clergymen" because he did not go to "headquarters" to find out what socialism means, offering the pronunciamento issued by a delegation of over two hundred men in the City of Chicago May last as the conclusive and final definition of the socialistic movement. Our correspondent assumes that that would the be proper procedure if we were to "seek a definition of Unitarianism, democracy, republicanism, prohibition or holy jumperism." But the assumption is quite wrong; we would do no such thing. Any *printed* "official" convention statement of what the Unitarian movement, or the democratic or republican party stands for would be wholly inadequate and on that account *mis*representative. Such statements are always compromise statements, utterly inadequate measures of the great movements which they attempt to formulate. Such statements have their value; denotive terminology, to use John Stuart Mill's distinction, is valuable, but the connotive words are those that enrich literature, interpret life and make philosophy and poetry possible. Only to those who can take the last platform of democratic and republican parties as adequate measure of the movements which are respectively represented at their high water mark by Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln will any "platform" of the socialist party be taken as an adequate measure of the great civic, social, ethical and religious movements more or less adequately connotated by the term "Socialism."

The next meeting of the League of Religious Fellowship will occur at Hull House, January 18 at 11 a. m., at which time the Senior Editor of UNITY will present a paper on "The Religion of Robert Browning." This League is a feminine splinter of the Congress of Religion. The women, perhaps unwisely, thought they could accomplish more for the general cause by going off once in a while to play it alone. The experiment has at least proved that the feminine side of American life is more amenable to organization than is the masculine, at least on uni-sexual lines. They have regularly held their four meetings a year, which have been fairly well attended. At the November meeting they discussed "Health as Related to Religion," with Bishop Fallows as Leader; the January meeting is announced above; the third meeting, to be held March 15 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, is to consider lyrical interpretations of life, with Dr. Gunsaulus, aided by the Central Church Choir, as leaders; on May 17 Miss Amalie Hofer is to interpret "The Religious Purposes of the Kindergarten," the meeting to be held at some suburban place to be later announced. Long since the women have repented of their sex exclusiveness; they have eliminated from their constitution all gender, and, according to article five, any person may become a member of the League upon the payment of one dollar initiation fee and an annual due of fifty cents. There are a few valiant men enrolled; there ought to be many more. If the men and women who really believe in religious fellowship across ecclesiastical lines, based upon real religious harmonies, would only rally around the standard of this League they might become a great power for good, leaders on many high lines in Chicago.

The Senior Editor of UNITY during his nearly thirty years' residence in Chicago has attended many protest meetings of one kind or another, but none representing more intelligent earnestness and unanimity of purpose than that which gathered at the Colonial Theater last Sunday afternoon to protest against the proposed extradition of the political refugees from Russia—Pouren in New York and Rudovitz in Chicago. The large theater was crowded from pit to highest gallery with an intelligent, self-respecting audience, overwhelmingly masculine. A score or more of Chicago's prominent citizens were seated on the platform as vice presidents. Walter L. Fisher, the wise head, who, more than any other one man, led Chicago out of its street car perplexities, presided; William J. Calhoun, Edgar A. Bancroft, William J. Hynes, Dr. Hirsch and Rev. Herman Page made addresses in which the case of Rudovitz, who has been "committed" by the local commissioner, himself not a lawyer, was carefully analyzed, the judgments of the speakers being sustained by the expert testimony of Dean Wigmore of the Northwestern Law School and Dean Hall of the Law School of the Chicago University. The political character of the offense, perpetrated at a time of turbulent rebellion, was clearly established by these experts and their decision heartily endorsed by the large audience who pledged themselves to do everything in their power to preserve the right of asylum as the most distinguishing characteristic of the United States among nations. The resolutions offered by the Senior Editor of UNITY, Professor Tufts of the Chicago University and Congressman Sabath, presented in the order named, we print in another column. The case of these

men now goes up to the Secretary of State; there can be but little doubt that his trained mind and his higher allegiance to the principles of liberty will reverse the snap judgment of Commissioner Foote of Chicago who, through the fell selection of partison politics, finds himself in the presence of a responsibility for which his training and natural endowment have proved inadequate.

New Year Greeting

UNITY sends its cordial thanks to the many friends who have sent their holiday cheer to its sanctum, glad that it has been alive so long and that there is assurance that it will at least live out its thirty-one years and as much longer as its friends deem it of sufficient importance to render it support. We have not badgered our readers, but the UNITY Regiment of one thousand people who will celebrate its thirty years with a dollar for each, or the equivalent, is the condition of perpetuation. The announcement in this direction, already made in these columns, may not have been taken seriously by many of our readers, but UNITY weighed its words and is diligently at work on the lines indicated. Meanwhile we can give no better interpretation of our mission as well as the source of our "pay" than to give some extracts from the letters we are reciving from our veteran corps, many of whose names are found in the honorable pension rolls of UNITY.

One who was himself an editor for twenty years writes:

"I know hom the weak prey on the strong, and can therefore sympathize with you. I am a mere wrinkled reminiscence standing beside its own death bed; I am too blind to read even the coarsest print and nearly too deaf to be read to; I am writing this almost wholly automatically. I can never sufficiently thank you for the mountain of obligation pou have piled upon me. UNITY has come for, lo! these many years complimentary, because I love it so. Is not that sufficient reason why it should have done this? It is a harkback to the altruism of the glorified Christ above all the preceding Christs. If you could know what a perennial joy UNITY has been to me, your own joy would equal mine. * * * I like UNITY because it is honest, because it does not trim nor temporize, because it is absolutely innocent of plutocratic taint, because of its moral color-blindness; I like it because of its superb literary excellence, its impeccable cleanness. I need UNITY as a moral and physical strength. To fall under its spell is tonic enough for me. My wife and I call it the "Storm Petrel," not the stormy petrel—of the religious world; it is not stormy, Euroclydonic as its force it."

This word came from the eastward. Another veteran from the far West writes:

"I thank you heartily for your gift of another year of UNITY. I must ask you to stop it, for again I cannot afford to pay for it. I am seventy-one years old, have little prospect of ever earning money again; I am compelled to support my family on the small pension I receive. UNITY is a real privilege. The education it has granted me is treasured and put out to service. When I meet you in Paradise, if you have time, I will tell you of the way you have blessed me."

From the South Dakota prairies comes the word:

"My subscription for UNITY is slow in going, but it is always sure, for UNITY is the one magazine I must have to help me on my way and strengthen my soul for more earnest work."

A young man in the government service, from the far Northwest, writes:

"Kindly send me a sample copy of UNITY, if it is still published. A number of years ago I took that paper, liked it, but had to drop it. However, I have retained a kindly feeling for it and for what it stands for; would like to meet an old-time friend again. * * * * You do not know me, I suppose will not remember me, but I was one of several young men who met you and listened to you for a while one evening at a hotel in Bloomington, Indiana, when you visited the State University, in 1890 or '91. I have not attained any considerable distinction in the world; am just one of the eighty million or more citizens of the United States; I have tried to live the right and to discourage the wrong, and have succeeded to the extent that my conscience is clear and life is rich. I am in the Indian Agency away out here."

From an Indiana Rabbi:

"UNITY I read every week with much interest; I always find it an inspiration; wish circumstances would enable me to enroll myself among its subsidizers."

From California:

"I have been a shut-in since February last; the visits of my 'Silent Pastor' are, if possible, more welcome than ever. After reading it I mail the paper to Rev. ——— ———. So, like the quality of mercy, it is twice, yea, thrice blessed."

From western Kansas:

"UNITY is my only religious paper. It would grieve me much should I fall behind in my yearly obligation."

From Nebraska:

"I consider UNITY the best friend I have, and a splendid councilor. I have taken it through some of the most strenuous and serious years of my life, some years when I hardly dared hope to be able to pay for it. It always came at the appointed time and spoke peace to my troubled soul. I can indeed say that it has been to me 'a very present help in time of trouble.' It has been a blessing to thousands of troubled souls. I wish I was able to help you materially; I may some of these fine days, for I am on the upward turn of the road now. But I am seventy-five in April. The Lord willing, my next ten years may be the best of all. I never felt younger in my life. 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. In her right hand are riches and honor and in her left hand length of days.' * * * Did I ever tell you that I am one of the Antioch boys? Studied there from '54 to '58. Horace Mann was and is my hero; he has dominated my whole life; I owe more to him than to any other person than perhaps my father and mother. My father was a Puritan, but, like Horace Mann, he had discarded the narrow, hard lines of Calvinism. Our fore-elders came from England in the seventeenth century. But pardon the intrusion. Yours most gratefully."

These specimen letters will suffice. There is a crate full that for the most part must go unanswered except through the returns in the editorial columns of UNITY.

"Blessed is the privilege of those who work and dwell together in unity."

THE BIRDS OF BETHLEHEM.

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring—
Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

They clung and swung on the swinging chain
High in the dim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitions vain,
Chanted a never-ending prayer.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
But voice of bird was most to me;
I had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

I thought Child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air
And smile upon his mother's breast.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Nil Desperandum!

By Cora.

Nil desperandum! oh! never despair.
Though lowly thy burden and grievous to bear;
No darkness so dense but it passeth away,
And the death of the night is the birth of the day.

Nil desperandum! oh! tired heart and true,
Some angel of mercy is pleading for you;
By some earnest soul you are numbered in prayer.
Then nil desperandum! nay, never despair!

Nil desperandum! but lift your arm,
Though it lead through the battle, the famine, the flame —
Struggle on, struggle on, though you fail of the goal,
For death — to the clay, is but life to the soul!

Nil desperandum! cease carping at fate;
The world is not leagued into censure and hate;
If you've trusted a traitor, as hollow as fair,
Thank God for the rescue, and never despair!

Nil desperandum! Truth answereth Truth —
As the child to the fountain, that glasses his youth —
Love's magnet is Love — then the sin be your own,
If you sit in the shadow, unblest and alone!

Nil desperandum! look up from the sod;
For you wear in the human the image of God;
Be faithful in purpose, be fervent in prayer,
Meet bravely the future, and never despair!

Nil Desperandum

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it" is a motto of great value outside of the country store where it is usually enthroned. Our recent request in UNITY for a copy of the poem with the above title has brought such interesting results that we must share them with our readers. Judge E. O. Brown of Chicago writes:

"Anent your request, is not the following poem of Matthew Arnold the one meant? In my edition it is entitled "Anti-Desperation" but I think I have seen it named "Nil Desperandum." It is a favorite poem of mine."

THE BETTER PART (edition 1883)

(In the earlier edition this poem was entitled "Anti-Desperation.")

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan.

We live no more when we have done our span."
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
"Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try*
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

Another subscriber, H. M. Underwood of Waukegan, Ill., writes:

"Mrs. Underwood encloses to you an old sheet of music of 1864 in which you will note the poem that will answer the quest of your correspondent as to 'Nil Desperandum.' Will you kindly return the sheet?"

And here it is:

In the morning of life, with bosom elate,
The youth leaves the home of his heart;
To seek on the treacherous ocean his fate,
And in life's busy scenes take his part.
And thus going on 'midst trouble and care,
He sings, "Nil Desperandum—I'll never despair."

O'er ocean's expanse tho' dark clouds arise,
And the wind with loud gust swept the waves;
The tempest toss'd vessel as onward she flies,
The storm most terrific she braves.
And thus in all weathers, in foul and in fair,
He sings, "Nil Desperandum—I'll never despair."

At length when the perilous voy'ge is o'er,
And the ship in anchor she lies;
Then gladly he springs on his dear native shore,
And swiftly safe homeward he flies.
Then throwing aside all his trouble and care,
He sings, "Nil Desperandum—I'll never despair."

W. Swain.

Interesting as are these faded leaves taken from "Wright's Pictorial Almanac" of forty-four years ago, they are not the "real thing." A member of the editorial staff was more successful. Writing to a friend who "would be likely to know such things," he received the following interesting note, with the very poem sought for, in the writer's own hand-writing, which for many years had been carefully filed away among "Souvenirs and Extracts." It is as if a voice from the grave spoke to us. And so we let this cheerful poet, whose hand grew helpless forty years ago, speak for herself in the fac-simile reproduction found on the adjoining page.

Here is the note that accompanied the poem:

10 Franklin St.,
East Somerville, Mass.,
December 21, 1908.

Dear ——————:—

Here is the poem asked for by "UNITY." It was writtten in her own hand by Cora M. Eager, a dear friend of the one who gave me the poem. I would copy it, but want you to have this ungarbled, as so many poems become * * * I have just opened the last "UNITY," and the request was the first thing to strike my eye. O but it calls up the long ago to me! * * * The authoress of these verses has been dead over forty years. She was a native, I think, of New York State, and had lived in Ohio. * * *

Most sincerely yours,
HELEN NASH.

And still the story is not ended. The friend who started the quest for the fugitive poem wrote us before it had been found:

"Never Mind; I found something else that will do as well. I want it for a Christmas card."

We append the humble substitute, which has been doing its Christmas duty on a neatly printed card:

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a Goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a Goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish aint on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',—
Keep a Goin'!

If the weather kills your crops,
Keep a Goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a Goin'!
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke aint any crime,
Tell the world you're feelin' prime,—
Keep a Goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a Goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a Goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing,—
Keep a Goin'!

—*Selected.*

Surely, "If you do not see what you want, ask for it," and if you ask for it in UNITY you will be likely to find it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY—
The American As He is. By Nicholas Murray Butler. 104 pp. Price $1.00, net.
The Bible for Home and School. Acts. Shailer Mathews, General Editor. 267 pp. Price 75 cents, net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY—
By the Christmas Fire. By Samuel McChord Crothers. 225 pp. Price $1.25, net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS—
Great Men of the Christian Church. By Williston Walker. 378 pp. Price $1.50, postpaid.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY—
Ideals of the Republic. By James Schouler. 304 pp. Price $1.50, net.
Recollections of a Varied Career. By William F. Draper. 411 pp. Price $3.00, net.
Three of a Kind. By Richard Burton. 267 pp. Price $1.50.
The Story of a Border City During the Civil War. Galusha Anderson. 385 pp. Price $1.50, net.
Ocean Life in the Old Sailing Ship Days. By John D. Whidden. 314 pp. Price $1.50, net.
Rover, The Farm Dog. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. 283 pp. Price $1.25.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION—
The Origin and Character of the Bible. By J. T. Sunderland. 322 pp. Price $1.20, net.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY—
The Law of the Rhythmic Breath. By Ella Adelia Fletcher. 372 pp. Price $1.00, net.

The Way to Happiness

It is on the sunny side of life that we all would like to dwell. The desire for happiness is inherent in every human breast; its attainment is our being's end and aim.

Philosophers in all times have been busy working out theories to help human beings to reach this ideal. Creed after creed has been evolved to point to paths that have appeared to some the ones necessary to follow. New sects are constantly rising, schools of philosophy are formed, innumerable magazines are published as new light appears and some prophet is inspired to give his message to others.

As each individual differs from another, so each one's ideal of happiness differs, and particularly each one's idea of the means that will realize it for him.

Let us consider some of the means, the ideals that if attained are thought to bring satisfaction to the soul. For some the ideal towards which effort is concentrated is fame—fame as a writer, poet, artist, musician; for others, the accumulation of wealth, political power or social prestige; then there are others whose ideal is centred on the success of another, perhaps a child; and there are still others who have no ideals—who drift, grasping pleasures where they find them with no possibility of arriving at that gladness of heart that is superior to all conditions, any more than a rudderless ship in a stormy sea would be likely to reach port.

Then there are those whose ideals are thrust upon them, whose place in life is one from which there seems to be no turning, even though disagreeable; under such circumstances how can happiness be expected?

It is through our study of human nature, the experience of men and women we read of in history and in biography, the examples daily quoted in our papers and magazines that we shall be helped to decide on the course we wish to pursue. To know the mistakes that are made, and see the failure to reach happiness even though successful in attaining the ideal that seemed to be the means of reaching it—will help us in understanding life, in understanding ourselves, and will enable us to become more nearly what we would.

If we look for examples of those who have attained their ideals and still have missed happiness we find them myriad. Some of the unhappiest people in history are those who have reached the pinnacle of fame. Dean Swift, called the "master of satire," was possessed of extraordinary originality—so versatile that he succeeded in every department of literature that he attempted, and yet he was the most miserable man of his age. We find in studying his biography that his career was a supremely selfish one; nothing was suffered to stand in the way of his interests and gratification; yet intellectual monarch as he was, his heart was eaten out with envy and jealousy.

Byron's life had few hours of happiness. Heine, the greatest poet of Germany since Goethe, and Plato, who reached the acme of intellectual culture, were also among those who did not find happiness in the attainment of literary fame or the homage that came with it.

Musicians are conspicuous for their unhappy lives. Michael Angelo, the mighty sculptor and painter who held a position of absolute authority in art, still did not find that serenity that means happiness.

Rulers—leaders in political power—have been notably unhappy, until it has passed into a proverb that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Alexander thought that life only meant conquest; Cæsar's idea was power; he had fortune, fame, and power—and yet he had not happiness. "During my whole life I have not had twenty-four hours of happiness," said Prince Bismarck, one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Eighty-three years of wealth, fame, honors, power, influence, prosperity and triumphs; years when he held an empire in his fingers—but not one day of happiness!

Neither does a man's joy consist in the abundance of things which he possesses. Read what is said of Crœsus.

The late Cornelius Vanderbilt is quoted as having said to a friend before he died, "I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can't eat it. I can't spend it; in fact, I never saw it, and never had it in my hands for a moment. I dress no better than my private secretary and cannot eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servants' boarding house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others, who use it mainly for their own benefit."

Social position does not necessarily bring happiness. If we wished to find the happiest woman, we would not find her in the social leader—the one who can dictate as to who should and who should not have the entrance into the select circles of her city. We know what a dreary, empty sort of life fashion yields, how little satisfaction is found in it, and how those who follow it, when the public display is ended, go back to their homes with a sigh, thankful that the empty routine is over at last.

The lives of the leaders in the French salons are stories of wretchedly unhappy women.

Experience shows that he who drifts, who seeks pleasure as the one and important object of his search, is sure to miss that which he desired. Sardanapalus, whose only thought was for pleasure, said: "Slave, take away these things; I am satiated, but not satisfied. I am gorged and yet hungry." No one can make his own pleasure the one object of his life nd attain happiness. It must come from an unselfish motive.

These examples go to show that the attainment of the ideal in literature, poetry, art, music, the accumulation of wealth, the glory of power, social prestige, or the acquisition of temporary pleasure do not satisfy that upspringing desire at the center of life—the desire for happiness.

So much for the things that in themselves do not bring happiness; there are those people in life whom we daily hear of—people whose stories are told in history and literature—who are happy and radiate happiness under the most adverse circumstances.

Epictetus was a poor slave, as unfortunately circumstanced as a man could well be, and yet, if history says truly, he was infinitely happier than his master who applied the lash. He says: "I must be put in chains; must I also lament? I must go into exile. Can I be prevented from going with cheerfulness and contentment?" "Man, what are you saying? But I will put you in prison." "You can put my body in prison, but my mind, not even Zeus himself can overpower."

A newspaper story gives us another example of happiness showing that it comes from qualities invulnerable to the vicissitudes of life. "Old Margery Eagan died in a Detroit hospital a few years ago, aged one hundred and two. She had lived so long that her relatives had lost sight of her, and she ended her days as pensioner of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor.' But never for one of the days did she droop or lose spirits. Happy as the hours were long, she used to sing and tell stories, and even dance for the disheartened people around her. Every day the old lady would stroll through the infirmary to cheer up the young people there with her wit and breezy laughter. The smile on her withered old face was as sweet as that of a girl of sixteen. As a last resort to bring back to wan cheeks the flush of excitement and to dull eyes the light of happier days, she would take out her jewsharp and play the jigs and strathspeys she had learned in her childhood. Her fun was of that bubbling, infectious quality that does good like a medicine. Nothing was able to wrest from her the right to be happy in every vicissitude."

Then in history we find that women like Dorothy Dix and Florence Nightingale, who have taken the sorrows of the world on their hearts and given themselves to make the burden of the world a little lighter than it is, forgetting all about being happy, have found the secret of the truest joy. In the Bible are many examples of men who had cheer, who possessed happiness, in spite of greatest crosses, the peace of Jesus, even when nailed to the cross, "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The story of Paul, and his letters show how he smiled and sang, enduring worse strains and pains than ever we have to bear. Once he had his clothes torn off, had many stripes laid on him, was thrust into prison, and sat there through the evening with his feet fast in the stocks, and "at midnight Paul sang praises to God."

Circumstances and conditions may control our bodies to a certain extent, no circumstances or conditions need control our minds.

There is a rhyme of four lines that gives us four secrets for bringing this happiness—our being's end and aim:

"A task to do,
And a clear inside,
A friend to help,
And the sunny side."

These four lines really give the recipe for true living. They include all the virtues. Enlarging upon these thoughts, each one of us would probably emphasize some different virtue, for it is according to our way of looking at things whether one or the other is the more important. They really each merge so into one another, and are so dependent one upon the other that we can make almost any one of them include all.

Henry Drummond considered Love the greatest thing in the world, including all the virtues. Another writer shows Selfishness to be the root of all evil, and really in the broad sense of the words, one virtue almost necessitates the including of all the others.

I. A TASK TO DO.

Charles Kingsley says: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day, which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you "a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

Whatever seems our portion of the world's work, let us do it with determination and persistence. "Courage" is a word I like,—and another,—"originality." Let each one live out his own individuality without fear. God has given each of us a separate and distinct existence, and we should learn to express ourselves regardless of criticism or ridicule.

Be humble, and if your ability or power to do is small, *use* it and it will increase—hide what you have and imitate others, and you lose all power except the ability to follow in a herd—like sheep, or as Longfellow puts it, "like dumb, driven cattle." One of the curses of this world is the fear that people have of the opinion of others. It crushes out more ability than any other enemy. Let us have courage to be independent of conventionality or popularity, so we may have the joy that comes of perfecting that which is within us.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed;
And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy prayer."

II. A CLEAR INSIDE.

A conscience that one has the courage to listen to and obey; freedom from hypocrisy, and from that scourge that eats out the heart of man—jealousy.

Have calmness—when the tongue of malice and slander, the persecution of inferiority tempts you for just a moment to retaliate, when for an instant you forget yourself so far as to hunger for revenge—be calm.—"When the gray heron is pursued by its enemy the eagle, it does not run to escape; it remains calm, takes a dignified stand and waits quietly—facing the enemy unmoved, and with the terrific force with which the eagle makes the attempt, the boasted king of birds is often impaled and run through on the quiet, lance-like bill of the heron."

The means that man takes to kill another's character becomes suicide. No man in the world ever attempted to wrong another without being injured in return—someway—somehow—sometime. To the man who is calm—who has the clear inside, revenge is so far beneath him that he cannot reach it—even by stooping. When injured he does not retaliate—he wraps around him the royal robes of calmness and he goes quietly on his way.

III. A FRIEND TO HELP.

"Do you desire a pleasant day?
If you would find it, the surest way,
Do something for somebody:
A gentle act,—some loving deed,—
Something to help another's need,—
Something kind for somebody.

When skies are frowning chill and gray,
And clouds of care obscure life's way,
Still try to help somebody;
Peace, from our hearts may banish doubt.
To bring this miracle about,
Do something for somebody.

Would you have cause to sing and smile?
Do good, not evil, all the while;
And try to help somebody—
Another's sorrow soothe, and bless,
This is the road to happiness,—
Be kind to everybody."

Do we always try to say the encouraging word when we can, or are we looking for faults? Empha-

size the good when found—show appreciation of a good thing done. We steal each other's reputation by withholding praise when it is due—by alluding to the disagreeable in an acquaintance without mentioning the extenuating circumstances. Want of appreciation of others becomes injustice.

There is a little poem that I have had for a long time that has been a help to me when patience seemed exhausted, and it was difficult to get in sympathy with the children:

"Trust the children, never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them;
After sowing seeds of duty
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them,
Let your confidence direct them.
At the hearth or in the wildwood
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. You guide them,
And above all, ne'er deride them,
Should they trip or should they blunder,
Lest you snap love's cords asunder."

We are all children—to quote from the old song, "Men are only boys grown tall, hearts don't change much after all,"—and the trust, the expression of love and sympathy, is just as needful and helpful to the older child. Let us express our appreciation and love for our fellow men in every way that we can, and feel that it is our duty to encourage right endeavor everywhere. It is a law of the affections that no one can benefit or take care of another without beginning to care for him. We tend to love those whom we benefit or guard, and we tend to hate those whom we strive against.

What greater service can we do another man than to fight against the wrong we do him, neglecting the wrong he does us?

IV. THE SUNNY SIDE.

You can scarcely find a book of poems, that has not one poem on this theme; and no doubt every one of us has some particular poem or poems that help us to look on the bright side of things when we get depressed or discouraged.

A poem of Riley's that perhaps is not familiar to many teaches a blessed lesson of gladness:

"O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so;
What we've missed of calm, we couldn't
Have, you know;
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

"We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known;
When the tears fell with the shower
All alone.
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

"For we know, not every morrow
Can be glad,
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad."

Happiness is our being's end and aim. Through examples quoted of men in literature, in public life, of mere pleasure seekers and those whose object was the gaining of wealth—I have sought to emphasize the fact that happiness depends not upon outward conditions but upon that content in the soul that cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of life.

Enlarging upon the little rhyme:

"A task to do,
And a clear inside,
A friend to help,
And the sunny side,"

I have tried to give thoughts that help in overcoming the foes to happiness. Robert Louis Stevenson prays:

"Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge; give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders ourselves, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends; soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another."

JANE PORTER.

Hillside, Wis.

Christmas, 1908

My Dear UNITY:

You can call on me once a week, but I can reach you only with good wishes, and in the form of a letter or an article. I have resolved this morning to run the risk of meeting a blizzard, and tell you how some of your readers might get away from zero and spend their winters happily. Imagine us with our coats off, and our vests, too, clad just as thinly as possible, making garden at any time of the year, and equally at any time enjoying garden stuff. We have green peas climbing up, with potatoes of both kinds growing, of course any quantity of lettuce, celery, and what our mothers called sass. There is no end of oranges, and the best of them lie on the ground just as apples do in the North. These we are privileged to pick up, whether we own them or not. Grape fruit is just as plentiful, and I can see three or four orchards where I sit dictating this letter. It is a wonderful sight to see the trees, loaded with golden balls, and bending till they touch the ground. Just before me spreads out Lake Lucy; and yesterday morning my pet alligator lifted his nose out of the mud, and came up to the surface to see what such a warm Christmas meant. It was about seventy-eight in the shade. We can pick twenty varieties of roses, including magnificent Marechal Neil's as big as your fist. The canna bed gives us huge clusters, and the chrysanthemums have not got quite through blooming. We are succeeding admirably in doing a whole lot of things that the native element said we could not do. Among the rest we are growing apple trees, with a system of heavy mulching, just as well as we grow them in New York.

How about theology, for of course you have an idea that we are hide bound down here? I think a Unitarian church, or rather a liberal organization, would catch half the people in this section. You can have no idea how rapidly bigotry is following slavery out of the country. We talk evolution when we choose, and nobody seems any longer to disbelieve it. There is one church, and the doctrine preached, I am

bound to say, is straight. It hurts no one, and the best thing to do with it is to let it alone.

The negro question is solving itself, and there again the best thing to do is to hold your tongue. The black fellow is a mighty sight more important than we like to think about. Eliminate him and southern progress, which is now so wonderfully rapid, would stop right short. Most of the black fellows are industrious and orderly. I shut up my house and go North for the summers, without the least fear of thieves. I am not half as worried as I am in the winter about my Northern house.

It is a little queer that Dr. Thomas has planted himself in the northern part of Florida, and I myself, another of the original Congress, am in the middle; now do you send another representative for Tampa or some other southern town, and we will hold the fort. I wish that Dr. Thomas were as full of health as I am. I eat two meals a day, including five or six oranges, and go to sleep at eight o'clock—getting out at daybreak. We have no coal bills, and cannot wear out our clothes, and half a fellow can grow his own vegetables, eggs, chickens, fruit—everything but a little sugar and meal, with the stuff that the women use to make pies and puddings light and digestible. I have one big watermelon vine, growing as an experiment; but as a rule we do not plant them until February. Bees work all winter, and you ought to see an orange grove in blossom, and full of these honey-makers. It sounds as if they thought it was Paradise. I brought my collies with me, and they also vote that Florida is great. My lake is about half a mile across, and I own nearly all the land around it as well as the water. We can bathe in it on New Year's day if we like, but some of us prefer the boat. Come and see us, and long live UNITY. E. P. POWELL.

The Senior Editor can not refrain from adding as a postscript the complimentary word that accompanied the above: "UNITY of December 3 is the most remarkable number you ever published, not one line to waste."

The Watch Tower.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Rudovitz Case.

The Colonial theatre of Chicago was the scene of a most unusual demonstration last Sunday afternoon. A mass meeting had been called by a coterie of men—Chicago's elect in the realm of law and letters—for the purpose of voicing a mighty protest against the decision of Commissioner Foote to recommend the unfortunate refugee Rudovitz to extradition. Commissioner Foote, who is not a lawyer, stands alone apparently in his position.

His conclusions from the evidence, as set forth in his report to the Department of State, have been attacked most severly by Chicago attorneys whose knowledge of international law is beyond question, and whose authority in the weighing of evidence naturally exceeds that of a man not trained in the law and occupying an office executive rather than judicial in character. The layman will not hesitate long in forming an opinion as to the merit of the case; for with Chicago's best legal talent unanimously opposed to Commissioner Foote's deductions, the scale can turn in but one direction.

Strong resolutions were passed at the public meeting Sunday. One set pledged the citizens of Chicago to furnish political refugees from Russia, in any attempt to extradite them, such assistance as may be possible to sustain their defense that they are political refugees, and, secondly, appealed to Secretary Root for a most careful review of all United States Commissioners' findings in such cases.

Another set of resolutions urged the abrogation of the present extradition treaty with Russia; while a third set declared for a popular appeal to Congress to amend the extradition laws in such manner as to provide that hearings shall be held before Federal judges only.

Stenographic copies of all these proceedings are to be transmitted to Secretary Root.

The voice of the people is crying aloud for the continual recognition of that great principle for which our nation has always stood, the right of political asylum. It is not a voice to be ignored.

Gomez now is President.

The bloodless revolution in Venezuela seems to have come to an end, and more quickly than was anticipated. Castro, the unspeakable, is now an exile, and probably the most hated man in the republic. His regime is a thing of the past, his return an impossibility. Juan Vicente Gomez, according to dispatches, has been officially and otherwise recognized as President, and his authority is supreme. Castro's enemies are reported to be suing him in the local courts for money and property wrongfully obtained; if these suits are successful, the former aristocrat will lose largely. Exiles are being called back to Venezuela by the new administration; the cattle monopoly has been abolished; political prisoners are being freed, and many other reforms and changes are under way. Holland has stayed her hand, awaiting results from the new order of things, while the United States has sent a special envoy to Caracas to report to the State Department on the likelihood that Gomez' declared intentions to settle all long-pending international questions will bring forth tangible fruits.

It is now in the power of this sorely tried country to make amends for the criminal misrule of Castro, and to reëstablish herself among the sisterhood of friendly and progressive nations.

Chicago Milk.

The efficient head of the Chicago Health Department has scored one of the most important victories ever achieved by a great municipality. Hereafter all Chicago milk must either come from herds officially certified to be free from tuberculosis, or else be pasteurized, that is, subjected to a heating process whereby disease bacteria are rendered harmless. It is the intention of the Department in time so to improve the dairy herds, which supply the city, by eliminating all tuberculosis animals, that even pasteurization will not be necessary. There has been, of course, much opposition on the part of dairymen and farmers, but the Department has been inexorable in its demands, besides having public opinion with it, and has won out. It is a signal triumph.

to Resign. Griscom

It is stated that our ambassador to Italy, Lloyd C. Griscom, is planning to retire from the diplomatic service. No particular reason is assigned for Mr. Griscom's action, but it is fair to assume that private interests and ambitions—possibly political—are at the bottom of it.

Souvenir Cards.

Manufacturers of souvenir post cards in Germany met last week to condole with one another on the enormous falling off in the demand for their wares. Like other fads in this country the postal card craze has outdone itself, and is now in a sad state of decline.

Radium for Cancer.

The most welcome contribution to humanity's cause will be the announcement some day of a positive cure for cancer in its various forms. Progress is being made, and results are being reached that lead to a greater encouragement than has hitherto been possible. A few days ago an interesting demonstration was made in Paris by physicians and physicists of the possibilities of radium and high tension electric sparks as curative agents. The few cases on record thus far that have been treated by radium and fulguration have been surprisingly benefited; some in fact are reported cured. It goes without saying that the further researches and experiments of these devoted doctors will be watched with the deepest public interest.

Pittsburg Graft.

The exposure of graft in its worst forms in Pittsburg makes the national gorge to rise. It is disgusting, pitiable. The curse of our American municipalities is graft. It is everywhere. But, praise be, the people's conscience is not atrophied. Honesty will sometime become our predominant trait. Then shall the cities purge themselves, and venality know not them that be in high places.

Let Pittsburg's moral bath be a thorough one, not in Abana or Pharpar but in Jordan. P. S. W.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—He fails who climbs to power and place
Up the pathway of disgrace.
MON.—Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;
Sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it.
TUES.—No Life without a pang!
It were not Life,
If ended here the strife.
Man were not man, God were not truly God.
WED.—Keep pure thy soul! Then shalt thou take the whole of delight.
THURS.—Thou who hast wisdom, fear not Death, but Life.
FRI.—True faith doth face the blackness of despair,
Blank faithlessness itself; bravely it holds
To duty unrewarded and unshared;
It loves where all is loveless; it endures
In the long passion of the soul for God.
SAT.—Learn Courage, tho' the lightning strike thee blind;
Let Duty be thy worship; Love thy goal.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Homeward

Sailing toward sunset-land from wanderings wide,
Two sparrows from the shore welcome us home,
Circling above or poised upon the deck,
Perchance the same that in the infant spring
Chirped at our door and shelter sought from cold.

Thus ever woo us from the farthest shore
Of lands unseen but by the eye of faith
Those long-flown winged spirits of our love,
Who constant watch and ward keep over us,
Eager to welcome home earth's wanderers.

At Sea, August 31, 1908. —*G. L. Cary.*

Babies in Honolulu

There is certainly a variety to choose from and it is hard to say which are the most cunning. In a group of nineteen in one of the kindergartens here there are nine different nationalities: Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Kanakas (or natives), Portuguese, German, Spanish, American and Filipino. As we ride in the street car together, "our own little American girl" beside me keeps me busy turning my head to see the children on each side as she cries "Look, Mother, oh, the darling!" The study in costume is also interesting—first in interest among all these costumes one knows not whether to say is its color or its variety of cut; or "Plenty of it such as it is" or "Very good what there is of it."

There isn't much of it, that is its chief charm, but there is plenty. I like the gay litte kimonos best, but there is a good deal to say for the comfort of the *lidokus* (Mother Hubbards) worn by the natives of all ages, and the Chinese coat and trousers. The little Japanese mothers look like bric-a-bac and are always clean and neat. They carry their babies on their backs and are trained to it from their own childhood. One often sees a child of seven or eight with a baby brother or sister on her back to carry about for hours.

The little brown babies are rather solemn little creatures—not so full of life and chatter as our American children. At one of the kindergartens recently a half Chinese child looked on with great amusement at a little white child busy at his work (but not too busy to talk) and said to the teacher, "He talk plenty." This summer land with no place for leggings and mittens and mufflers, or even shoes and stockings, is a paradise for children. E. T. K.

The First Corn Brooms

No article of household convenience is more familiar than the brooms and brushes made of broom-corn. The plant is now cultivated extensively in the valley of the Mohawk River between Amsterdam and Johnstown, and in the middle West. Spraker's Flats have been devoted to the cultivation of it for many years. The crop has the advantage that it is of rapid growth; and even if the spring freshets drown out the first and second plantings, there is yet time enough for a third planting to escape the early frosts of September. But it was upon the Connecticut meadows that the industry had its beginning in this country. The story of its introduction here is told in the pages of "Historic Hadley."

Levi Dickinson, a native of Wethersfield, who went to Hadley in 1786 and settled on the "Back Street," brought with him a queer new kind of "corn seed," which he showed to his friends, saying that when fully grown it would make better brooms than they had ever seen.

The Hadley housewife laughed at him. "Husk brooms" to sweep the ovens, and "splinter brooms" made of birch, were good enough for every day, and the bristle and hair brooms, brought from England, certainly could not be surpassed by any kind of corn.

Thus reasoned the incredulous. Levi Dickinson, however, not discouraged, kept his own counsel, harvested the first crop of broom-corn from his garden, contrived a method of scraping the seed from the brush with a knife, and afterward with the edge of a hoe; and sitting in a chair with the twine in a roll under his feet, he wound it round the brush in his lap, and thus made brooms.

Not asking his neighbors to buy any, in 1798 he peddled his brooms in Williamsburg, Ashfield and Conway. He said that the day when he sold his first broom was the happiest of his life. In 1799 he carried brooms to Pittsfield, and in 1800 as far as New London.

Then Hadley people began to realize that a new and profitable industry had been started in their neighborhood. Men in Whately and Hatfield went into the business, and Levi Dickinson, smiling to himself, calmly drove his teams loaded with brooms to Boston and to Albany and found a ready market. As he made his own handles and spun the twine from his own flax, the cost of the broom was little and the demand for the finished product was great.

In 1810 seventy thousand brooms were made in Hampshire County, and before the death of Levi Dickinson, in 1843, people in all parts of the country were using Hadley brooms. His triumph was complete.—*Exchange.*

Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star;" in other words, go with the universe and not against it. An old man, says the Chicago *News*, was sitting on a stump in the far South when a tourist came upon him.

"How are the times?" asked the stranger.

"Pretty tol'able," was the answer. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled 'em and saved the trouble."

"That was good."

"Yes. Then the lightning set fire to the brush-pile, and saved me the trouble of burning it."

"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

—*Exchange.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDTOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne E. D. MARTIN. Payson S. Wild

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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RESOLUTIONS IN THE RUDOVITZ CASE.

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting called to protest against the extradition of Rudovitz, held at the Colonial Theater, Chicago, December 27, 1908. (See editorial columns.)

Whereas, It is charged that the Russian government, in an attempt to end the revolution at home, is now endeavoring to demonstrate to its people that in case of failure the doors of the civilized world would be closed against them, evidence of which purpose appears from the attempted extradition in New York of Jan Pouren, and in Chicago of Christian Rudovitz, both natives of Russia, who participated in the Russian revolution of 1906, and who have since come to this country, where they are seeking to earn a living by honest work; and

Whereas, In both cases, on the mere declaration of witnesses not taken in the form of depositions under the solemn oaths required by American law, and despite the clear testimony of witnesses heard in open court and cross-examined by the counsel for the Russian government, and a mass of documentary evidence showing beyond question the existence of a tremendous revolution in Russia at the time of the alleged crimes, and that the participation therein by the defendants was under orders of revolutionary committees, and as part and parcel of the great revolution, the United States commissioners ordered the extradition of Pouren and Rudovitz; and

Whereas, In the judgment of eminent legal authorities who have reviewed the evidence in the Rudovitz case, he is clearly a political refugee; as were Kosciusko, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Schurz, Seigel and others; and

Whereas, It has been alleged and not denied by the Russian government that one Urban, the companion of Rudovitz on the night of the alleged crimes, has been dealt with, not as a common criminal, but as a political wrongdoer, for the very acts with which Rudovitz is now charged; and

Whereas, It is a matter of common knowledge that the Russian government treats all wrongs committed in revolutionary territory by revolutionists as political crimes and not as common crimes, in order to be able to inflict the death penalty; and

Whereas, It is utterly impossible for poor and friendless men, such as Pouren and Rudovitz, ignorant of our language and legal procedure, properly to secure a hearing and a review of the commissioners' findings unless legal and other assistance be rendered to them by the American people; therefore, be it

Resolved, By this meeting of citizens of Chicago that we pledge ourselves in these and in other cases in which an attempt may be made by the Russian government to secure the return of those who were actively engaged in the great Russian revolution on charges that they are common criminals, to furnish them such assistance as lies in our power to sustain their defense that they are polilical refugees; and be it

Resolved, further, That we appeal to the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, carefully to review the finding of the United States commissioners, giving to the defendant the benefit of every reasonable doubt in accordance with the fundamental principles of American law, and specifically to require before the accused shall be extradited that the burden of proving him to be a common criminal and not a political refugee be fully and completely sustained by the demanding government.

Whereas, It appears, both from the demand for the extradition of Rudovitz and Pouren and from the endeavor to secure information against other revolutionary leaders from the defendants and witnesses at the hearings, that the Russian government is attempting to abuse the rights given to it under the extradition treaty now in force; and

Whereas, In order to frustrate such effort great expenditure of time and money on the part of the American people will be required; and

Whereas, The said treaty is of small advantage to the American government compared with the preservation of the historic right of asylum for political refugees, which has been the just pride of the United States of America; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we do appeal to the federal authorities to terminate said treaty in accordance with the privilege so to do reserved therein, unless such abuse shall cease forthwith.

Whereas, It is contrary to the spirit of American institutions to adjudge an accused, even prima facia guilty, without a hearing before a duly organized judicial tribunal; and

Whereas, A United States commissioner is only an administrative officer, who may be without any legal training or experience; and

Whereas, In extraditions to and from the Philippine Islands it is expressly provided that the hearing shall be before a judge of the United States courts; and

Whereas, In England full opportunity for judicial review is given by statute; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we appeal to the Congress of the United States to amend the laws regarding the extradition so as to provide that the hearing shall be only before a judge of the federal courts.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.—In a recent issue of the *Christian Register* Mr. Wendte writes:

"In a public letter, published in a Florentine Journal, Father Hyacinthe commends a recent pamphlet, anonymously published, but written by clericals, demanding the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy. 'My illustrious friend just deceased,' writes Pere Hyacinthe, 'Monsignor Riecher-Passavoli, of the order of the Capuchins, arch-bishop of Iconium, preacher to the pope, and provost of the Chapter of St. Peter's, has said to me more than once that the celibacy of the priests and monks, as it has been practiced for a long time past, was one of the deepest sores, although the least recognized, or rather the least acknowledged, of the Church. Pope Pius IX, himself said to P. d'Alzon, founder and first superior of the Assumptionists, "Pray for the priests; the half of the Catholic clergy are in the mire (nelle fanga)!" I had this from the mouth of P. d'Alzon himself. It is true, however, that the pope excepted the French clergy. Pere Hyacinthe urges that a reform in this respect be begun at once in the church.

"In reply to this letter a Roman Catholic organ of Geneva exhausts itself in scurrilous abuse of Father Hyacinthe."

This letter is by no means the only publication bearing on this subject with which Father Hyacinthe's name is at this moment connected. A veritable commotion has been caused in French circles, both catholic and protestant, by the publication of a little book by the Abbe Houtin; *Un pretre marie Charles Perraud, Chanoine honoraire d'Autun*, 1831 to 1892. This much discussed little book is nothing less than the pathetic story of the life of an intimate friend of Father Hyacinthe, who, though considering himself solemnly married to one of his parishioners, yet continued to live the outward life of a Catholic priest, his marriage unavowed, to his dying day. His life story as now made public by Abbe Houtin, is based on correspondence and documents placed in the Abbe's hands, along with such other material, with a view to his preparing a life of Pere Hyacinthe. It is not in Catholic circles only that the publication has been considered peculiarly inopportune, and as the Abbe is understood to have had permission to use this material in any way he saw fit, Father Hyacinthe comes in for his share of censure for having violated the confidence of a deceased friend in permitting such use of his correspondence.

But what have protestants to do with it? one might ask. Just this, that Mr. Paul Sabatier, liberal protestant pastor, and friend of the catholic modernists, being consulted just before the appear-

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ance of the work, because of obstacles to its publication which it was thought he might help to remove, tried instead to induce Abbe Houtin not to push the publication through, and since its appearance has expressed himself in regard to it in such a fashion as to call out a spirited response in one "open letter" from Prof. Bonet-Maury, while Paul Hyacinthe Loyson rushes to the defense alike of his father, the Abbe Houtin and the deceased Charles Perraud, in a still more extended and impassioned one. To the latter particularly, Mr. Sabatier replies somewhat tartly and ends by publishing in full his letter to Abbe Houtin and to Father Hyacinthe just before the public appearance of the book.

This series of letters is to be found in *Le Protestant* for November 28, while earlier notices of the work appear in previous November issues. All are highly interesting, setting forth, as they do, divergent views as to the good or harm that the revelation of this said life story will do.

Still more recently the *Signal de Geneve*,—always an admirer of Father Hyacinthe,—while not ignoring the severe criticisms passed on the time and manner of its publication, which it hopes Father Hyacinthe and Abbe Houtin will answer, concerns itself more with the "poignant interest" of this little life story and contrasts the torturing dual life of a Charles Perraud with the strong, triumphant solution of this same problem by Pere Hyacinthe himself. Touching indeed are these words of the weaker man to his friend in the course of their long and intimate correspondence:

"Courage, dear friend, whatever happens, say what you think without fear of anyone whomsoever; therein lies your real strength and truest honor. Take as your motto: *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos.* In the times we are living in, one must have pretty nearly all the world against him to feel sure that he is in the right."

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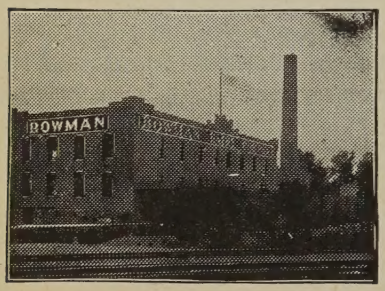

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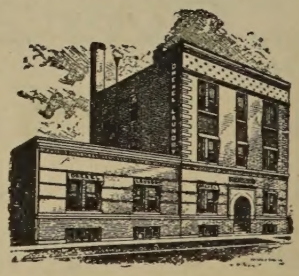

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